



The Character

OF A

TRUE-PROTESTANT

Ghostly Father.

HE is a *Jesuite* disguis'd, and differs in nothing but the Supercription of a false Name. His harden'd Conscience is a Mint where Equivocations and Lyes are coyn'd, and they pass among the Brotherhood as current as the most Sterling Money, and are held by them as precious. He is a motly-complexion'd Saint; black in his natural hue, but garnisht with some *innocent* additional colours, borrow'd, or rather stoln from the Church of *England's* Purity. He follows her, as *Judas* did his Master, for the Bag's sake, and for the same Bag he will betray her too. His speaking well of her is just like the flattery of a Parasite, to eat her Bread, and all the while laugh at her in his sleeve. Though none of her *Sons*, yet he is her most humble *Servant*, to creep into Preferment, and partake of her Benefices; which he esteems his right by the same rule that licenced the *Israelites* to rob the *Egyptians*; and when he has once got into her Bowels he feeds upon her Vitals, and, impatient of the restraint, gnaws his way through into the free air of the *Presbyterian* Liberty. He conforms out of spite, and therefore revenges himself upon those who made him do it. His plausible seduity gains him some credit; which he abuses, to disgrace those who kindly gave him it. None makes a fairer shew in writing for her publickly; and he besprinkles his Books with as little venome as he is able, that, at a dead pitch, when some considerable job is to be done, he may repair the seeming fault of giving her false smiles, with a real Stab. He can patiently temporize a long time, and stand angling for an opportunity some years, hoping at length to catch her by the gills, and then to prey upon her without mercy. While his bolder Fellow-Journey-men in their scribbles call her *Popish*, he slyly jumbles her with *Presbytery*, resting well assur'd that is the most effectual Stratagem, to divide and destroy her: and while he pretends to establish her REFORMATION, he indeed pulls it down, by settling it on a sandy basis.

His hatred to the Church descends upon the State, which upholds it; and he owes a good turn to both alike. He will endeavour, though it cost him the opinion of *Treacherous*, to bring the most Loyal Patriot, even his own Master, to the Block, if he presume to touch that Holy of Holies, the Kirk. He is a *Scotch Sin*; for all his designs, like the *Trojan* Wooden Horse, are pretendedly Sacred, and meer Reliques of Religion; but when the season is ripe, they are deliver'd of whole Armies at a litter. He is still siding with the factious, not openly, but sneakingly; thrusting his Nose into every nook, and busily prying into all mens affairs; and he will have to do with a sick or dying mans Interiour, whether he will

will or no, and thinks 'tis then set right when 'tis tun'd to the interest of the Good Old Cause. 'Tis to be fear'd his inside is True-blue *Cargyl*; and that he dislikes nothing in his Spirit but that which is best in it, the candour and openness; nor that neither but when there wants force to carry it through. However, though he be not bold enough to *ad* Treason, yet he is crafty enough dextrously to second and *upb*ld it by *shams* and *palliations*. When he once gets an Ascendant over a Soul, he influences it as best suits with the Holy League, and scruples not if he cancels the Government of Grace to seal a compact with the Presbyterian Association. He has his set-forms of words fitted to wrest all Christian Duties to Disaffection and Irreligion. He calls the Discovering Fellow-Traytors, the *betraying of Friends*; their Just and Legal Punishment, the *shedding of Blood*; the most villanous Murders and Massacres for the Cause, *well-meant Zeal*; the most abominable Conspirators, the *forlorn hope of Israel*, and Heroick Adventurers for the Godly Party.

Thus season'd and confirm'd in the principles they had formerly imbib'd, 'tis no wonder if they judge it meritorious to dye half Negative: this being the only expedient (open force failing) to preserve undiscover'd Traytors, to exasperate the *Mobils*, by making Justice look like Cruelty, to disgrace the King as a Tyrant, and so carry on the Conspiracy more smartly and effectually. His little Popeship gives an easie Absolution to all his Penitents, not by publick Bulls, but whisper'd Inspirations; which instill'd with great assurances of Merit in the canting language, and misus'd Scripture-phrases which they have been inur'd to, makes deep impressions in those otherwise comfortless Souls, that they dye Martyrs, and that they offer a holy Sacrifice of their Bodies to God; when alas! (without a special mercy) he is sacrificing their Souls to the Devil, the Ring-leader of all Rebels. To the Oath of Allegiance he opposes the Covenant and Association; To the High Crime of arra'gning the Justice of the Nation, the keeping up the repute of the Party's Innocence, and the revenging their death, which 'tis hop'd may ensue from such seditious methods. To the giving Glory to God, by a full and sincere Confession, the false satisfaction that they suffer what the Law enjoyns, and that no more can be requir'd. If the Penitent be of a noble temper, then he works upon that, and plies him with how mean, and how far from Honour and Gallantry it is to betray others: As if God lov'd people better for being civil Gentlemen than for being sincere Christians: at least, if he finds him inclin'd to that false *pénitètie*, he can quickly find a Case to wave all objections, which might hazard to rectifie that byass. By this means Repentance comes to signifie little more than a true sorrow to be hang'd, and a submission to the Laws, which they must do whether they will or no. What is more is render'd insignificant, by being mingled with concealments, and couching particular acts of Treason under common Words; or, as *Adam* blam'd *Eve*, she the Serpent, with laying the fault on others for drawing them in and ensnaring them. By vertue of which doctrine, and such managery of dying persons, the King, who is a mirrour of Mercy, is made Cruel, the Judges unjust, the Jury foresworn and partial, the words of Traytors innocent, their Memory sacred, their Fame untainted, the unthinking Rabble is exasperated and encourag'd, the Nation distracted, *Jack Presbyter* is mounted in his Saddle, riding the many-headed Beast, Sedition becomes culminant, the Good Old Cause triumphant, Treason glorify'd both here and in Heaven, the Nations Peace and the establish'd Government of Church and State, nay, his Majesty's most precious Life still left in danger; and all this by the most pernicious craft of our *Lycan* in Sheeps cloathing, that Legion of mischievous Spirits which herd in the Breast of our True-Protestant Ghostly Father.

